

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVIII.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

NO. 12

Banning and its Surroundings.

BANNING, CAL., April 2, 1890.
DEAR INTERIOR:—Banning is a village of only 300 or 400 people, situated in the San Geronimo pass, or valley, five miles west of the edge of the Colorado Desert, with mountains in all directions, except the west. On the north is the San Bernardino range, with Mt. Grayback towering to the height of 14,000 feet, and on the south the San Jacinto mountains, some peaks of which are 11,000 feet. The top of these, and their sides for some distance down, are covered with snow, but this vanishes in the hot rays of the summer sun. The town is built after the order of most Western villages—houses scattering and mostly of one story—and makes no claims to beauty, except in its location. A church, hotel, three stores and a saloon about comprise the business portion of the place. Although the postoffice and depot are in San Bernardino county, nearly half the people live in San Diego county. The orange and lemon do not thrive here, but delicious fruits generally are raised to considerable perfection, and a few nice orchards of these are already bearing. Fanning is the principal occupation in this vicinity, though, and large crops of wheat and barley are sown, which are in good condition this season. If from any cause the farmers are deterred from sowing their crops in December, the usual seedling time, as they were this year by more rain than ever fell before, they just continue plowing and sow the next season, when all that is necessary is the harrowing in of the seed. The summer season is so dry that the plowed land keeps light and soft and no vegetation grows. The wind is a very disagreeable feature of this pass, and blows almost incessantly at this time of year. In summer, when it would be pleasant, it doesn't blow so much. The east wind prevails in winter, and instead of being damp and disagreeable, as it is in Kentucky, is dry and comparatively warm, coming, as it does, from the desert; and is far preferable to the west wind, which would be damp and penetrating at that season. The latter blows in spring and summer. Banning is partially surrounded by an Indian reservation, and in the mountains near by is the Indian village, Potrero, which is a place of considerable size. Miss Drexel, daughter of the Philadelphia banker, has built a short distance outside the limits of Banning a fine three-story brick school for the education of Indians and others in the Catholic faith. It will be opened in September next. The owners of property here are trying to get Congress to open up the valley lands belonging to the Indians and extend their reservation further north into the mountains.

The grade of the Southern Pacific along here is very heavy, and nearly all freight trains west have "triple headers," and even with this immense amount of power trains of 25 or 30 cars can't make over 10 miles an hour. Instead of pushers, as on the L. & N., all three engines are put in front, making a pretty sight, puffing and blowing, the black smoke rolling out of their stacks, showing that the firemen are almost constantly shoveling coal into their fiery furnaces. I never tire looking at these monsters crawling gradually up the hill, the top of which is reached at Beaumont, 6 miles distant. East it is down grade 30 or 40 miles to Indio, which is situated in the middle of what was once a lake, and is 300 feet below the level of the sea—one of the hottest places on the continent.

Notwithstanding the small size of Banning, a neat and newsy paper is edited by Mr. Louis Munson, a very pleasant gentleman, who came here from Chicago for his health. I don't suppose it is a very paying institution. If every man, woman and child in the vicinity took it, the subscription list would not be a fourth that of the INTERIOR JOURNAL. I expect the land company are the owners and make it pay indirectly, if not directly.

With the exception of a day or two, the weather during the last week has been disagreeably cool, made so mostly by the wind. Some rain fell in the valley and snow on the mountains Sunday night. The high altitude of the place makes it considerably cooler at all seasons than in Los Angeles or Pasadena. I was very much pained to hear of the dreadful calamity that overtook Louisville and other points in Kentucky. Sincerely hope the reports we have heard have been greatly exaggerated. The Southern California papers have already used that as an argument that Eastern people should come here where cyclones and tornadoes are unknown.

T. R. WALTON.

—Two stables and 9 frame cottages belonging to the Kentucky Association at Lexington burned, causing a loss of \$7,000. All the horses were saved. Gen. Robinson announces that the disaster will not affect the spring meeting, which will surely come off in May.

—J. D. Williams shot and killed his father, Isaac Williams, near Little Rock, Ark., because he attempted to whip his daughter, the young man's sister, with a switch.

CRAB ORCHARD.

—Gardening has begun.
—Straw hats and pink bouquets have made their appearance.
—A new belfry on the Corner Hotel shows that the spirit of improvement has not wholly disappeared.
—Shelton Blankenship says that he is a candidate for magistracy in this precinct at the August election. Next!

—Some of our pleasure loving young folks are talking about attending the hop at Middleboro on the 15th.
—Mr. John Higgins has rented the Jones property across from the "Old Corner" hotel and removed his family thiereto.

—A couple of bill-posters were here Saturday putting up flaming pictures for French's circus, which spreads its canvas at Stanford, Apr. 18th.
—Mrs. Polly King, mother of Tom Wren, who is in jail at Stanford for the killing of his father-in-law, "Beaver-tail" Baker, died Thursday of measles. She is the fifth member of the Wren family to die in the last two months.

—We are glad to learn that our young friend, R. E. Hughes, who since Jan. 1st has made the Lancaster News such an entertaining sheet, will be retained by Mr. Marrs as business manager of his new publication. "Bob" is a favorite with Lancaster society and as a delineator of the follies, freaks, pastimes, etc., of town life has no superior among the younger craftsmen. His scintillations we hope will make a special feature of the paper.

—The city council at their meeting Friday night fixed the minimum of the liquor license at \$200, and Monday three saloonists hung their green doors and unhooked their decanters to the thirsty populace—W. A. Carson at the Harris House, Saml. Hardin at the "Old Corner Hotel," and Wallin Bros. at the depot. The dullness and lassitude which has made our town a kind of Sleepy Hollow to the residents, has seemingly vanished; at least there is more life, more activity and more noise on the street both by day and by night. The whisky men claim the honor of bringing about this new order of things.

—Dr. S. Blair has gone to Pineville to practice his profession. Robert Edmiston, of the Peoples Bank, at Middleboro, is here visiting his parents. Miss Lizzie Sumpter, who has been spending the winter with Dr. Blair's family, returned to her home, near Paris, Thursday. R. W. Lillard, the popular flour man of Lebanon, was in town Saturday talking up the excellence of his various brands. Miss Lizzie Buchanan is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. P. Davis, at Knoxville. Mr. Curtis Brown, who during Mr. J. A. Newland's illness held down the railroad office so adeptly here, returned to his home at New Haven. He is a gentleman of fine business qualifications and rare social traits and won many friends during his stay here. Mr. J. Will James has returned from Florida. Mr. Willis Chell, one of Pineville's handsome beaux, was down Tuesday to see one of our pretty damsels.

—Fourteen years ago four mischievous urchins attended school at the old Brick Seminary in Stanford, and as the phrase goes, were chums and very thick together. Like other boys these four had their idle dreams and while they chased the flying ball, slid on the ice, or played leap-frog upon the verdant slopes of the hill, would at times talk magniloquently of what they'd be were they men. George said he would be a great pioneer and Indian fighter, like his grand-father; Leslie said he would be a circus clown, a kind of Dan Rice sort of fellow; Harvey knew that he would be a clerk and Bob fancied that he would be a painter. Ha! Think you with Wadsworth the child is father of the man? These four are living yet, but living not the lives their young imaginations shadowed forth. George is a drug clerk in his native town; Leslie "holds down" a bill clerk's desk in the L. & N. offices at Louisville; Harvey with brand-new license in his pocket stands before the Stanford bar a promising young attorney, and Bob, musing upon the vicissitudes of the past, relates these things to show that "A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The Hazel Green Herald's man is desperate: This is what he says in reference to the report that W. P. Taulbee and his wife had parted:

"If we could see every white-livered vandal, who is traducing the character of the dead statesman and rejoicing because of his death safely bivouaced in hell, with a mountain of brimstone for a background and a desert of sulphur for a frontispiece, we could join in the song of Moses and the Lamb, with all the raptures of a hilarious balalaiah."

—Will Barnes and Kelly B. Day, a mountain merchant, were shot and killed at Chambers' Station, Menefee county, Monday, by George Stephens and Albin Barnes, cousin of one of the victims, the result of an old feud. Day was an innocent spectator, who was struck by the volley exchanged between the three other men.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—Alex. Black, 47, Sam G. Hogan, 89, and Nathan Noland, 73, died in Madison county within the last week, says the Climax.

—Judge John T. Wilson, president of the State National Bank of Maysville since its organization, died Tuesday, aged 66. He was worth over \$200,000.

—Rev. Rutherford Douglas, of the Presbyterian Church, died at his home in Fayette this week. He was pastor of the Mt. Pisgah church for 31 years.

—Mrs. Jane Cornelison, mother of Mrs. Dr. Pettus, of Crab Orchard, died at Richmond on the 5th after a long illness. She was the wife of T. J. Cornelison and the couple had within the past few days witnessed the 50th anniversary at their marriage.—Climax.

—Death has visited Sanibel Island again and taken two of Bro. Barnes' friends and admirers, Mrs. Wm. A. Lay, of Dayton, and Mrs. Chambers, of Independence, both of this State. Both ladies were in bad health and went to Sanibel with the hope of restoration.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The other day a Minnesota Methodist preacher traveled 30 miles, made 6 calls, visited two schools, gave an afternoon lecture and shot seven jack rabbits between sunrise and sunset.

—The Lancaster News says that Rev. Riche, of the colored Baptist church, baptized 58 of the 79 converts to his recent meeting, in Duncan's Lake, Sunday. It only took him 87 minutes, or at the rate of one every 80 seconds.

—Postmaster-General John Wamaker declines to advertise in a Sunday newspaper, but in the Monday newspaper appear columns over his signature, every type of which was set on Sunday. John is a Pharisee of the strictest sect.

—A religious debate to settle whether we are going to Heaven by being baptized by sprinkling, pouring or immersion, was begun in the Court-house at Flemingsburg Tuesday, between Rev. John Reeves, representing the Methodists, and Rev. J. W. McGarvey, representing the case for the Church of the Disciples, with the devil perhaps acting as moderator. At any event his satanic majesty always reaps the greatest benefit of these alleged religious debates.

Easter Morning.

The following beautifully expressed reference to Easter appeared in the Courier-Journal Sunday:

Whatever belief a man may hold, whatever denial he may insist on, whether the life of Christ is as true to him as his own, or only a noble fable, Easter morning has an inspiration of its own.

It tells of life; it is a story of light and of resurrection. It responds to the deepest aspirations of the heart, and if only a legend, it is the legend that embraces the hope of all the ages, the aspiration that has followed the race from its cradle until now, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. This impulse is with many a faith as serene as the sun at midday; with others it is a desire inseparable from their existence; with others still it is a dream that gives dignity to every action and a strength for every trial. Pervading almost every race of men, it is strongest, deepest, most commanding as we advance from the shades of barbarism to what we term the highest christian civilization.

Is life worth living? The answer is found in his indelible hope of immortality. It has inspired the noblest songs; it has filled the heart of man with serene courage; it has been the silver lining to the darkest cloud that falls across the path of man. Materialism, skepticism, cowardice, malevolence and sensuality have warred against it. Disappointment and despair have sought to root it out of the heart, have sought relief in denying it, but to-day it is the lamp that lights the path of humanity as it walks the downward slope to death; or better yet, it is in the "Bush burning, but unconsumed." It is the birthright of every man, this faith in immortality, if he will only claim it; not of the great souls only, not of the weak, quiet souls chiefly who hold to nothing else, but to men, who, like Browning, believe first in the dignity of life here and thus bind themselves to a life hereafter.

HALF RATES TO ST. PAUL.—For the National Educational Association at St. Paul, Minn., July 4th to 11th, 1890. The Queen and Crescent route will sell excursion tickets to St. Paul and return on July 30th and July 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, at one fare for the round trip with \$2 added for membership fee, tickets will be good for returning until October 1st 1890.

HALF FARE EXCURSION TO MILWAUKEE, WIS.—On account of Knights of Pythias Biennial Conclave at Milwaukee, Wis., July 8th to 12th, 1890, the Queen and Crescent route will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip, on July 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, good to return until July 31st, 1890. Tickets on sale by all agents of this and connecting lines in the South.

—Sam H. Murrell, aged 80, was killed in Adair by the log which he was sawing falling on him, says the Spectator.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Four millinery shops are doing business at this place.

—How is it that all the big boom towns are "gateway cities?" [The liars who write the ads. may answer. Ed.]

—Mrs. Rosalind Nesbitt is visiting her brother, Mr. F. H. Reppert, at Cincinnati. R. L. Newcomb is in from Mexico. Miss Mattie May Adams was down from Loretto school three days during this week. Mr. W. R. Ramsey, of London, was here Monday. He is a candidate for delegate to constitutional convention. Mrs. J. H. Brown and little McKenzie have returned to Lancaster.

—A streak of ill luck seems to have fastened itself upon Pat Welsh. Some years since he fell from a car and broke a thigh; two years since he had his face slashed with a knife; a month since he was literally chopped up with a hatchet in the hands of a drunken man. He was scarcely well when he had a leg broken; Tuesday while coming home from Rowland he tried to climb up to the top of the caboose, just after passing Mareburg, when he fell into a ditch, breaking his right leg in two places below the knee. He is at home doing as well as could be expected.

—Another tragedy to report. This time it's one brother who slays another. Wednesday afternoon Emmett Snodgrass shot and killed his brother Squire. The shooting took place at Wm. Collier's, the home of Squire Snodgrass. The brothers had a dispute last Monday over some business matters and when they parted it was agreed that they would not speak to each other afterward. Wednesday afternoon Emmett, who lives a short distance from Mr. Collier's, went over there. When he arrived Squire was at the barn. His mother, fearing that the brothers would meet, had the Squire to go around by the back way before entering the house. While they were standing on the porch talking Emmett came around and called to Squire and opened fire upon him. Squire returned two shots and fell, expiring instantly. One ball entered his left and one the right breast. Emmett was hit in the leg and shoulder. He got on his horse and rode home. Squire Snodgrass was a young man aged about 22 and unmarried. Emmett is about 32, married and has 5 children. The shooting cast a gloom over the neighborhood and the people are dumfounded. Emmett Snodgrass, it will be remembered, killed Jas. Bethuram near this place in 1878. He afterward moved to Illinois but returned here two years since. He is a brother of Mrs. J. J. Brown, of this place, and of Rev. E. Snodgrass, a missionary at Tokio, Japan.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

—J. E. Kern sold 18 mules at an average of \$150.—Paris News.

—WANTED.—100,000 pounds of wool. A. T. Nunneley, Stanford.

—W. H. Traylor bought of Cash, Wright & White 138 hogs, averaging 140, at 3½ cents.

—David Elliott, of Casey, bought of Walker, of Madison, a combined 2-year-old stud of the Wilkes family for \$400.

—Farm of 51½ acres of land on Crab Orchard pike, 3 miles from Stanford, for sale. Apply at INTERIOR JOURNAL office.

—A. J. Watson, of Pulaski, sold to different parties in this county 41 head of common two-year-old cattle at 2½ to 2½ cents.

—J. B. Jones sold to J. F. & B. G. Goyer 30 heifers and calves at \$15 the round. He bought of the same firm a fine jack for \$500.

—Choice butcher cattle and heavy feeders are in demand in Cincinnati, the former at 4 to 4½ and the latter at 3½ to 4½; other grades are dull. Hogs are active at 3½ to 4½; sheep lively at 3½ to 6½; spring lambs 6½ to 9½.

—At Richmond Monday 200 cattle changed hands at 3 to 4; 13 yokes oxen sold at \$50 to \$80; 20 broke mules \$110 to \$140. A fine show of stallions. Good feeling among the people and money plentiful and a good court day in every respect.—Climax.

—Our horse advertisements are greatly in excess of this time last season and still they come. We are going to issue a double number in the near future, which will be chock full of horse matters and of which we will print a souvenir on cambric for each of our patrons in the station business.

—J. Monroe Leer, of Glenwater Stock Farm, sold to Clure & Wheat, of Franklin, Ind., a stallion by Reveille for \$500, and the jack Thunderbolt for \$700. Mr. Leer has sold in the past two weeks 42 jacks at an average of over \$700, or \$29,400. He has sold \$66,875 worth of jack stock since Sept. 1st, 1889.—Paris Kentuckian.

—The yearling stallion Belvidere, entered in the Bowling Green combination sale by R. H. Crow, was withdrawn at \$705, and the following day sold to Penick Lee, of Logan county, for \$1,000. Mr. Crow has two half brothers to this colt that are speedy, level-headed and born trotters. One of these colts, Mr. Traynor says he will drive in 2:20 or better this season.

Don't Be DECEIVED by False Announcements.

FRENCH & CO.'S COLOSSAL RAILROAD CIRCUS! MUSEUM, MENAGERIE and HIPPODROME



Will Positively Exhibit At

Stanford, Friday, April 18th,

Presenting at all times more than advertised and introducing an ultra gorgeous array of pre-eminent performances, carefully collected, acceptably presented and proudly submitted to the public without other than unanimous commendation. The most beautiful lady equestriennes and daring bareback riders now before the public. A show of exclusive and startling features, absolute originality, marvelous novelties.

Requiring Acres of Tents in which to Exhibit.

With a seating capacity for unlimited thousands. Horse Congress, Trained Animals and Ancient Caravan of Rome, Performing Elephants, Lions, Monkeys Dogs and Trained Wild Animals, Trick Stallions, Ponies and Mules.

3 FUNNY CLOWNS 3

Phenomenal Mid-Air and Aerial Champions from every noted European Capital. Every promise a sacred pledge. As chaste as it is matchless. The management desires it distinctly understood that under no circumstances will hangers on and disreputable persons with their peculiar devices for swindling the unwary be tolerated, a corps of detectives being constantly in their employ.

Doors Open at 1 and 7 P. M. Performances 1 Hour Later.

An Unparalleled, Resplendent Street Parade FREE TO ALL at 10 a. m. Open dens of Rare Wild Beasts with trameisra Street Parade. Free exhibition on Grounds after Street Parade.

French & Co.'s Great Show

WILL BE AT

STANFORD, Friday, APRIL 18th.

HIGGINS & M'KINNEY

Are headquarters for

Hardware, Croceries, Stoves, Salt, Lime, &c.

Plows! Plows! Plows! Buy the Oliver Chill or Hamilton Steel Plow and you will make no mistake. No plow is equal to those; no plow ever had the run that the Oliver has. Every plow warranted to do good work, or no sale. Ask your neighbor.

Kentucky Central R.R.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE."

The Shortest and Quickest Route from Central Kentucky to all points North, East, West and South-West. Fast Line between Lexington and Cincinnati. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1889.

South-Bound.	No. 2.	No. 4.	No. 6.
	Ex. Sun.	Daily.	Ex. Sun.
Live Cincinnati	8:10 a.m.	8:00 p.m.	2:35 p.m.
Live Covington	8:15 a.m.	8:05 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
Live Falmouth	9:44 a.m.	9:17 p.m.	4:05 p.m.
Arr Paris	11:10 a.m.	10:21 p.m.	5:40 p.m.
Arr Lexington	12:00 p.m.	10:55 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
Live Paris	12:20 a.m.	11:20 p.m.	6:45 p.m.
Live Winchester	12:25 p.m.	11:25 p.m.	7:30 p.m.
Arr Richmond	1:40 p.m.	12:40 p.m.	8:45 p.m.
Arr Lancaster	4:55 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	
Arr Stanford	5:30 p.m.		
Live Richmond	1:55 p.m.		
Arr Berea	3:05 p.m.		
Arr Lexington	5:20 p.m.		
North-Bound.	No. 5.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Live Livingston	8:00 a.m.		
Live Berea	10:25 a.m.		
Arr Richmond	11:45 a.m.		
Live Stanford	7:00 a.m.		
Live Lancaster	7:45 a.m.		
Arr Richmond	10:00 a.m.		
Live Richmond	1:10 p.m.	6:10 a.m.	
Arr Winchester	2:00 p.m.	7:15 a.m.	
Arr Paris	2:40 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	
Live Lexington	2:05 p.m.	7:00 a.m.	3:45 p.m.
Live Paris	2:50 p.m.	8:53 a.m.	4:21 p.m.
Live Falmouth	4:12 p.m.	9:13 a.m.	5:26 p.m.
Arr Covington	5:40 p.m.	10:35 a.m.	6:30 p.m.
Arr Cincinnati	5:50 p.m.	10:45 a.m.	6:38 p.m.

On the Maysville Branch, No. 6 leaves Paris at 8:00 a.m. and No. 11, at 5:45 p.m., arriving at Maysville at 10:25 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. No. 10 leaves Maysville at 5:15 p.m., arriving at Paris at 7:40 a.m. No. 12 leaves Maysville at 1:50 a.m. and arrives at Paris at 4:15 p.m. These trains are daily except Sunday.
No. 43 leaves Lexington 10:05 a.m.; arrives Paris 10:45 a.m.; except Sunday.
No. 8 leaves Cincinnati 5:10 p.m.; arrives Falmouth 7:10 p.m.; except Sunday.
No. 7 leaves Falmouth 6:00 a.m.; arrives Cincinnati 7:55 a.m.; except Sunday.
Train Notes.—No. 3 runs daily between Lexington and Cincinnati. No. 4 runs daily between Cincinnati and Lexington.
Nos. 2 and 6 make connections at Winchester for points on the N. & M. V. Ry.
IMPORTANT.—Trains of this line now arrive at and depart from the Central Union Passenger Station, Cincinnati, making connections for all points North, East and West.
Through tickets and baggage checked to any destination reached by a railroad.
For full particulars address any agent of the Co. E. H. BACON, S. F. E. MORSE, Traveling Pass. & Agt., Gen'l Pass. & Agt., Lexington, Ky., Cincinnati, O., W. L. MUNSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, H. E. HUNTINGTON, General Manager.
GENERAL OFFICES: Chamber of Commerce Building, Cincinnati, O.
OLD KY. ROUTE
Newport News & Mississippi Valley Co., "E. D." Solid Vestibuled Trains to
Washington, Philadelphia Baltimore, New York,
All points East and Southeast.
Only one night out from Lexington. Corrected Time Card in Effect Jan. 12, 1890.
STATIONS. Daily. Fast Mail. Accom. Express. Daily. Daily. Ex. Sun. Ex. Sun.
Live Stanford..... 12:31 p.m. 3:27 a.m. 12:31 p.m.
Lexington..... 6:10 p.m. 11:40 a.m. 3:30 p.m.
Winchester..... 7:06 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 4:40 p.m.
K. U. Junction..... 7:30 p.m. 1:25 p.m. 5:10 p.m.
Mt. Sterling..... 8:29 p.m. 2:43 p.m. 6:08 p.m.
Morehead..... 9:29 p.m. 3:43 p.m. 7:08 p.m.
Olive Hill..... 10:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 8:10 p.m.
Ashland..... 11:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 9:10 p.m.
Catlettsburg..... 12:40 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 10:10 p.m.
Huntington..... 1:07 p.m. 7:05 p.m. 11:30 p.m.
Live Huntington..... 12:30 a.m.
Arr Charleston..... 1:55 a.m.
Clifton Forge..... 2:38 a.m.
Lynchburg..... 3:45 a.m.
Charlottesville..... 4:50 a.m.
Washington..... 5:35 p.m.
Philadelphia..... 6:15 p.m.
New York..... 9:20 p.m.
Richmond, Va..... 2:40 p.m.
Old Point Comfort.....
Norfolk.....
Trains leaving Lexington at 11:40 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday connect at Winchester for Richmond, Ky. and points on the K. C. R.
Limited Vestibuled Ex. from New York, Philadelphia, Washington and all points East, arrives at Lexington at 4:47 p.m. daily. Stanford 11:57 p.m. Fast mail from Richmond, Va., and all points east, Huntington, W. Va., and all local stations arrives Lexington at 12:40 noon daily except Sunday. Stanford 11:57 p.m.
Accommodation from Olive Hill and intermediate points, Richmond, Ky., and points on the K. C. Ry. arrives at Lexington 8:10 a.m. daily, except Sunday. Stanford 1:30 p.m.
Be sure tickets read via N. & M. V. Co., E. D.
For time cards, tickets, and full information, write or call on
G. W. BARNEY, Ticket Agent,
S. A. BROMBERG, Trav. Pass. Agt.,
J. L. MURPHY, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,
J. D. YARRINGTON and V. P., Lexington, Ky.

W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.

The Executive Committee has fixed Wednesday, June 4th for the next meeting of the Kentucky Press Association at Winchester. Messrs. W. M. Beckner, E. Polk Johnson and W. T. Havens of the committee met in Frankfort Tuesday and arranged the following partial programme: Anti-bellum Journalism, Col. H. M. McCarty; That Advertising Bill—Funeral Remarks—Green R. Keller, Carlisle Mercury; How we Gathered the News—A Tornado Story—Thos. G. Watkins, Courier-Journal; Ethics of Journalism, Col. Jno. O. Hodges, Lexington Observer, Editor and Legislator, Hon. John R. Kemp, Clinton Democrat; The Editor's Relation to Booms, T. H. Arnold, Middlesboro News; The Advertising Agent—We Can Abuse Him if we Cannot Beat Him—John A. Bell, Georgetown Times; Our Eastern Contemporaries, E. A. Gullion, Carrollton Democrat. Hon. Henry Watterson will be invited to deliver an address on a subject yet to be selected.

The Lancaster News ceased to exist with its extra issue of Tuesday and next week the Central Record will take its place. Mr. R. E. Hughes, who has acquitted himself most creditably as editor for the last three months, bids a becoming adieu, though he only lays down the pen to take up the sword in the fight, to secure new subscribers and make the old ones pay up. His parting salute to the Pineville Messenger will, however, we opine, prevent him from seeking either in that coming city, for Editor Davidson would be likely to call him to account for saying his paper is rotten.

INDIANA'S cities for the most part went democratic Monday. In Benjamin Harrison's own home of Indianapolis the democrats carried everything before them by large majorities, while Evansville, Terre Haute, New Albany, Fort Wayne and other cities show large democratic gains and a majority of democrats elected. Indiana always goes democratic when her true sentiments are expressed. Blocks-of-Five Dudley with his millions of fat tried out of the monopolists may occasionally carry it, but it takes a vast sum of money to do it.

The democrats made a clean sweep in most of the elections for offices in the large cities of Ohio Monday. The entire democratic ticket, with one exception, was elected in Cincinnati, while in Dayton, Cleveland and Columbus the democrats were successful all along the line. With the governor, legislature and most of the municipal officers democratic, it begins to look like Ohio has fallen into the right line to stay.

It is 25 years exactly since the war closed, yet applications for pensions are pouring into Commissioner Raum's office at the rate of 450 a day. During March there were issued 16,374 pension certificates, 8,183 of them original cases, being the largest number ever issued in one month. How long, oh Lord, how long, will the people stand this thieving raid of deserters and coffee coolers on the treasury?

An examination of the auditor's accounts shows that over \$20,000,000 have been paid magistrates in this State within the last 40 years. An effort will be made in the coming constitutional convention to abolish the office of justice of the peace, but if the issue is made during the canvass, those who hold these offices will see that men against them are elected to stay at home.

The effort of the Somerset Republican to get Col. Silas Adams to run for Congress in the 11th will probably prove abortive, though if the gallant old soldier would run he would make a most formidable candidate. He would if elected, too, be a decided improvement on the man who at present represents the district.

The Courier-Journal reports that the situation in Louisville has become normal and trade is going right along, while building and repairing is progressing very satisfactorily. This shows the wonderful recuperative capacity of the city and places her in the front rank of enterprise and thrift.

The Senate has passed a resolution allowing the use of the hall of the House Representatives and Senate for the State Teachers' Association June the 25th, provided the Legislature is not in session. The woodcock's usual remark would be appropriate in this connection.

JUDGE R. P. JACOBS has accepted the numerous calls to become a candidate for member of the constitutional convention, which insures that Boyle county will be represented by the peer of any man in the Commonwealth.

It is not likely that the republican will put out a candidate for clerk of the Court of Appeals. The party has but few Davy Colsons who can give their money and their time to lead a forlorn hope.

The bill to pay the State's attorneys \$2,500 salary in lieu of all fees, which passed the Senate and is now pending in the House, has an amendment providing for the pay of pro tem attorneys at the rate of \$7 a day. In the first place the salary is too much for the class of work that the State gets and in the second place the regular attorney should have the pay of the pro tem man deducted from his, if it is his fault that he is not in place. A Commonwealth's attorney does not do half the work that is ordinarily required of a circuit judge and if \$3,000 is a sufficient sum for the latter, surely \$2,000 would be big pay for the former.

JUDGE THOMAS Z. MORROW tells the Somerset Reporter that he is not, nor will he be under any circumstances, a candidate for congress. He is satisfied with the office he has and will fill it faithfully as long as the people consider him worthy. Since he has occupied the bench the judge tells us that he has lost his interest in politics to such an extent that he absolutely does not know what is going on in his own party or any other that the public is not fully apprised of. The judge is to be commended. Politics and law, so far as the courts are concerned, should be as far divorced as church and State.

The first party fight in the legislature came up over a bill to provide for a registration law in Christian county. The main object of the bill seems to be to prevent repeating in elections and the possible selection of democratic officers. The leading republicans tried every filibustering motion to prevent a vote, but their forces were not well drilled enough and they were soon out-generated, thanks principally to their own clumsiness. The bill finally passed 56 to 12, some of the republicans refusing to vote in the hope of breaking a quorum.

The worst of the many silly reports that have been started on Mary Anderson is made by a San Francisco dramatic paper, which charges that she is not a woman at all, but a horrid man, who was driven to adopting female adornment because she was too effeminate to succeed in bifurcated garments. The story is of course a weak invention of the enemy, but if the matter is to be determined by judicial inquiry, we hope to sit with Urey Woodson, of the Owensboro Messenger, on the jury.

A CAUCUS of the democratic members of the House was called for Wednesday night to consider the question of Gov. Buckner's veto of the tax reduction bill, but those members who want the bill sustained even at the dishonor of the State, attempted to force its consideration Wednesday morning. The advocates of the veto fought manfully to prevent its consideration, and by admirable parliamentary work succeeded in doing so, against the great odds that appeared on the other side.

The telegraph brings the deplorable information that Mr. Randall is a very sick man and that his death seems but a question of a very short time. The country can ill spare this great man, whose loss would be a calamity not only to his party but to the nation at large.

SINCE women have been elected to every office in Edgerton, Kas., the Cincinnati Enquirer says there is nothing left for the male politicians save to become wet purses. But what's the use of wet purses? The she office-holders will be too busy to bother with having babies.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

The bill to make the playing of oon or craps a felony has at last passed both Houses.

The bill to establish a magisterial district in Hubble precinct has passed both Houses.

Both Houses have passed the bill for the benefit of school district No. 9 in this county.

The bill to prohibit the keeping a bawdy-house was reported unfavorable to the House and killed.

The governor nominated Miss J. B. Higgins a notary public for Knott county and the Senate promptly and unanimously confirmed it.

Gov. Buckner vetoed the House bill restoring to citizenship three convicts of Henry county, on the ground that it was in conflict with the constitution.

Mr. Richardson keeps trying to fix a day for final adjournment, but like the brook the legislature seems determined to go on forever, and pays but little attention to the resolution.

The House reconsidered its vote by which the bill making an appropriation to cover the Silkott defalcation was defeated, and the bill was passed. Only 15 members voted against its passage.

A bill to establish a reform school for all boys between 6 and 16 years of age who are decreed by proper courts to be vicious and incorrigible, is before the House. An appropriation of \$100,000 goes with it.

NEWS CONDENSED

Two men were killed and 7 wounded by the falling of a derrier near West Point, Ky.

Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota, elected a democratic mayor and 7 democratic councilmen out of 12.

The U. S. Senate is so hell-bent on giving the republican claimants from Montana seats in that body that they will not even listen to democratic speeches against the steal.

A carefully revised return of the tornado casualties at Louisville reduces the number of killed from 92 to 75 and the pecuniary loss from \$2,500,000 to \$1,250,000.

The doors of the Manhattan, Kan., Bank have been closed by the assignment of C. L. Parcell, its proprietor. The liabilities are \$361,000, with no statement of the assets.

The Iowa House by a vote of 51 to 49 decided to indefinitely postpone the local option bill. This settles the fact that prohibition will continue in Iowa at least two years.

Vice-President and General Manager H. E. Huntington, of the Kentucky Central, has appointed Mr. Lewis Hood to be general superintendent with headquarters in Cincinnati.

The republicans tried to force the pauper pension bill through the House Monday under a suspension of the rules, but it failed for want of the necessary two-thirds majority.

The dome of Bell Rock light-house, off the coast of Scotland, was shattered by a premature explosion of a fog signal, and the beacon light was extinguished for the first time since 1811.

Senator Beck vigorously denies that he has any intention of resigning and authorizes the statement that his health has sufficiently recovered to permit his attention to all public duties.

The Chicago carpenters are on a strike for an 8-hour day and 40 cents an hour. Bricklayers have joined the movement out of sympathy, and it is said that if the differences are not settled in a few days 50,000 men will be idle.

Two men, a woman and child, Jas. Brown, Bell Weaver, Tom M. Weaver and Martin Weaver, all colored, were attempting to cross Cumberland river in a skiff in Pulaski, when it was accidentally overturned and all were drowned.

The entire she ticket at Edgerton, Kan., was elected Tuesday and now that town has a female mayor, police judge and city council. Reports from other points in the State say that the women cast about two-fifths of the total vote.

Sam Morgan, a painter, got drunk at Shelbyville and went to sleep on the railroad track. The midnight express came along, took his head off and ground his body to a pulp. Portions of his head were scattered along the track for 50 yards.

A meeting at Elmira, N. Y., of 300 delegates, representing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Firemen, Brakemen, Switchmen and Conductors adopted a scheme of federation of all the bodies under one head, each to retain its own organization. All declared that federation was in the interest of harmony, and that the death-note to railroad strikes had been sounded.

A cyclone swept over a portion of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana Tuesday, doing much damage to property, but fortunately killing but few persons. At Norwalk, O., a building in which were 30 girls was blown down. All except a dozen escaped and of them one was killed and the balance seriously wounded. At Roberts, Ill., hail fell eight inches in circumference and weighing 8 ounces.

A dispatch from Indianapolis says: "Full returns from election in this city and township show that the democrats have elected their entire ticket by majorities ranging from 1,000 to 2,100, a gain over the election of October last of about 800. Two years ago the republicans carried the township by 1,485 for their candidate for trustee, showing a change of over 3,400."

A dispatch from Harlan relates that the Spurlocks, Days and others, representing both the Howard and Turner factions, held a pow-wow Saturday and both sides agreed to suspend hostilities and forever bury the hatchet, and it was also mutually agreed that should any more bushwhacking take place, that both sides should turn out and hunt the assassin down. But some how these patched up peaces never amount to anything.

The tornado tried its hand in Pennsylvania Wednesday and was particularly severe in Cambria county, and ill-fated Johnstown was once more flooded to the depth of several feet. The Conemaugh valley is again swept by a roaring torrent. All the mills were forced to shut down by the flood. The storm was general throughout the East and the South suffered from terrible winds, houses being unroofed and blown down at Columbus, Ga., Richmond, Va., and other points.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

Abraham Gill and Miss Rebecca Smith were married at the bride's mother's on Green River yesterday.

Martin H. Reed and Miss Ida May Young were married at Mr. G. W. Young's on the 9th. The bride is just sweet sixteen.

Two infants, James Wells, 16, and Eugene Corne, 11, quarreled about a young lady, when the former drew a pistol and killed the latter.

Marriage license was issued yesterday to James Skidmore to wed Miss Martha Hutchison. The contracting parties are each 18 years old.

A dispatch from Lexington says T. N. Gibbons and Fannie Griffin eloped from Danville to that city and were married. They returned home on the midnight train. Paternal opposition.

In the early part of May Miss Sallie Hackley, of Paint Lick, will be married to Mr. Jerry Sandidge, a prosperous farmer of this county. Both of the contracting parties have many friends in this and Lincoln counties who congratulate them upon their approaching nuptials.—Danville Advocate.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD

Every department full of New Spring Goods, rich in quality and style and unapproachable in price. Extraordinary Bargains not to be found elsewhere. We drive ahead of all opposition, because we buy and sell for cash and will save you dollars. We've got the goods, we've got the quantity, the quality, the variety and the disposition to hammer prices down lower than ever. Remember, we are

Headquarters for Economical Buyers.

Are you a money-saver? If you are, don't waste time hunting round for the place to buy Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpets, &c., at money saving prices, but come direct to us; you need go no further for reliable goods, latest styles and lowest prices. Special

Inducements this Week in Carpets.

Good Hemp Carpets at 15c per yard, worth 20c; the best Rag Carpet made 20c per yard, worth 25c; handsome patterns in Ingrain Carpets at 25c per yard, worth 35c. Just received a new lot of all wool filled Carpets to be sold this week at 40c, worth 50c. All-wool three-ply Carpets will be sold this week at 60c, worth 75c per yard. Beautiful Brussels Carpets at 75c, worth \$1.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE

Main Street, Stanford,

M. SALINGER, MANAGER.

—W. F. Alexander sold to Johnson, of Boyle, 26 head of extra 2-year-old heifers and steers at 3 cents.

—The total contribution for the tornado unfortunate at Louisville is \$140,000—nearly all of which was raised in the city.

—Frederick Kimball, teller of the People's Savings Bank, of Worcester, Mass., is missing, with \$43,000 of the Bank's funds.

—C. P. Huntington, as soon as he can dispose of all his Eastern railway properties, proposes to permanently reside at San Francisco.

—By a vote of 1,742 to 19 Lexington agreed to extend the time for completing the Kentucky Union, which carries with it the subscription of \$100,000.

—The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill, carries an aggregate appropriation of \$20,864,326. The number of salaries provided for is 9,976.

—Alfred Andrews for the murder of Clara Price, at Bellefonte, Zack Taylor at Waynesburg and W. H. Bartholomew at Easton, also for murder and all in Pennsylvania, were neatly worked off by the hangman Wednesday.

—Several of the buildings forming the plant of the United States Rolling Stock Co. at Decatur, Ala., were destroyed by fire Wednesday night. About 50 new box cars were consumed. The total loss is estimated at \$2,000.

I. M. BRUCE,
LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE.
STANFORD, KY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS. Horses and mules bought and sold. Only first-class horses and vehicles used in livery.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.
MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop.,
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

J. H. HILTON
DILLIONS SWITCH, KY.

—Dealer in—
Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Tinware, Furniture and a
General Line of Groceries,

Fancy Candies, Cross Ties, &c.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods.
Postoffice, Livingston, Ky.

THE RILEY HOUSE,
F. B. RILEY, Proprietor.

London, - - - Kentucky.

I have moved to my new Hotel and am better prepared than ever to accommodate the public. Good Livery attached and every convenience desired. Give me a call.

Farm For Sale.
I desire to sell my farm of about 120 acres, situated about 15 miles north of Stanford on the Rush Branch pike, opposite the old church. There are about 30 acres in wheat and rye; the balance of the farm well set in timothy. Good dwelling of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid barn; is well watered and fenced. Possession can be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P. Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at Cincinnati, Ohio. E. WITHERS.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

W. H. JACKSON & CO., PRO'RS.
LONDON, KY.

Good turnouts and saddle horses always for hire on reasonable terms. London is the most convenient point on the railroad to reach places in the mountain section of the State.

W. H. JACKSON & CO., PRO'RS.
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Good turnouts and saddle horses always for hire on reasonable terms. London is the most convenient point on the railroad to reach places in the mountain section of the State.

NEW GOODS!

.....We have the finest and most complete stock of.....

Dress Goods, White Goods, Embroideries, &c.,

Ever in Stanford. Call and examine and be convinced.

A Full Line of Thos. Emmerson's Sons Cents' fine Boots and Shoes.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Matting, Rugs, Lace Curtains, &c.

SEVERANCE & SON.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks

And Spades;

Northern Seed Irish Potatoes, Red & White Onion Sets, Peas and Beans in bulk.

Also a full stock of Landreth's, D. M. Ferry & Co.'s and Crossman's Garden Seeds in papers.

Notice!

I have a full line of

SEEDS OF ALL KINDS

In packages and bulk. Also all varieties of

N. Y. Seed Irish Potatoes and Clover Seed

At lowest market prices. IN FANCY

GROCERIES!

I have SARATOGA CHIPS, something new and popular. MAPLE SYRUP, the best on the market. Other Fancy Groceries always on hand. Staple and Heavy Groceries in abundance.

FLOWER CROCKS, plain and fancy and something altogether new in that line. Call and see them.

MARK HARDIN.

DR. ELLIOTT'S

MEDICATED FOOD,

A Sure Cure for all Diseases in HORSES, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs

Arising from Impurities of the Blood, and from Functional Derangements.

A DEAD SHOT ON WORMS, AND A CERTAIN PREVENTION OF BOG CHOLERA.

For Sale by A. R. PENNY, Stanford, Ky.

FRANCE'S SORE FINGERS.

BURNT BY TOO MUCH FOOLING WITH SUBSIDIES.

How They Worked—Enormous Bounties Which Resulted in Discouragingly Small Returns—An Artificial Stimulus Which Unfortunately Failed to Stimulate.

The oddest freak in the statesmanship of the time is the proposal of the high protectionists in congress to revive American shipping by means of subsidies at the same time that they continue to discourage foreign trade by means of the massive tariff wall, and pass McKinley customs bills, which treat importers as if they were enemies of the country.

If the thing they are attempting could be done at all, it would not perhaps be an unwise measure to pay millions in order to put life into our ocean commerce. The subsidy idea presents many attractions when looked at merely as a theory; but it always looks much less attractive after it has been tried.

It behooves us to be students of markets rather than of maxims, and to take the practical view gained by actual experience of our own or of others. It will be well to consider the result of the most recent and most gigantic subsidy experiment of the ten years just past.

That experiment was made by France, and France burnt her fingers.

In 1881 the French became alarmed at the decay of their shipping interests. During the previous ten years they had seen the number of new ships built in France, or bought abroad and entered as French vessels, fall off nearly one-half. They had seen their total tonnage fall off more than one hundred and fifty thousand tons in ten years. They had seen in 1879 that only 28 per cent. of the tonnage of vessels entering and leaving French ports were sailed under the three colored flag that every Frenchman loves.

All this was most humiliating. It wounded the national pride. Something must be done—if our citizens will not buy or make ships and pay the bills out of their own pockets, why we must reach deep down into the national pocket and help them to foot their bills. Perhaps, too, some of the wise men of France made use of a ready made, cheap argument that we hear from some of our so called wise men: The money will be kept in the country when we pay it to our own beloved Frenchmen, and so who is hurt? We take it in taxes and pay it to the ship-makers and shipowners, they pay it to their workmen, the workmen pay it to the butchers and grocers and other tradesmen. And so we keep the money all the time swinging round the circle, nobody hurt, and France has her fine new ships plowing all seas and enriching her people with the goods of every clime.

It was a pleasant vision, and appealed most temptingly to the bright Gallic imagination. And so the lawmakers "got together" and passed a law which should send the flag of la belle France into the harbors of all lands.

A law was passed giving bounties not only for the building but also for the sailing of vessels. All wooden ships of less than 200 tons should receive \$2 a ton when built. Those above 200 tons should have \$4. As iron ships are much more efficient in the contest for supremacy on the high seas these should have \$12 a ton, and a further bounty of \$1.20 should be paid on the machinery put into these ships; and the government must help also to pay for the renewal of boilers as they are used up—about eighty cents on every hundredweight.

So much, then, for the building. But these ships may not sail as much or on so long voyages as they ought.

Very well; then we will pay them for sailing, too. For every voyage to foreign countries we will pay our fine new ships thirty cents a ton for every 1,000 miles sailed during the first year, and after that one cent less per ton every year.

Now it does look as if the thing ought to go. We have buoyed up our ship on all sides with subsidies—she certainly will float.

Well, float she did—for a while.

Now let us look at a few figures to see how she kept on floating. In 1881 things had reached their lowest ebb; France had vessels with a total tonnage of 914,373. The next year our beautiful subsidy scheme begins to tell—there is a gain of 68,644 tons, and the government cheerfully puts its hand into its pockets and pays down \$2,199,960. In 1883 another gain of 20,662 tons. That did not show up so well as was hoped. However, as the ships constructed last year have made some easy voyages, we are having navigation at least, and so government pays down this time \$2,234,000.

Next year government begins to smile again; we have added 20,150 tons more to our tonnage, and there have been longer voyages than ever. Government looks more cheerful, and relieves the treasury of \$2,614,000. A big sum this time, but we have added ships and have made long cruises, and we can afford to pay for such good things.

The year 1885 ends, and government calculates—tonnage this year, 983,614 less than last year. How is that? Have we not built 16,000 tons ourselves this year and bought 9,881 tons from abroad?

True, but French ships have now become too numerous. The old owners, who were making money before the day of subsidies, now complain that they cannot get cargoes, and so can declare no dividends. Hence some of these ships without subsidies must be sold, driven to the wall by subsidy fed ships, which can afford to carry freight more cheaply.

The next year the tonnage falls off 7,000 and the year following 20,000, government meanwhile paying an average subsidy of \$2,000,000, for there are still long voyages, and ships are still being built and ought to gain subsidies. Our old ships are leaving us in still greater numbers in this year 1887. This year we bought and made 30,000 tons, and yet the total tonnage is 20,000 less than last year. That means that 50,000 tons have left us in a single year. And in this year 1887 our tonnage is actually less than it

was in 1882. And government has paid \$11,350,000 in subsidies in six years.

The French had not learned what every farmer knows, that if he doubled the number of his wagons that does not double the capacity of his barns or the number and fertility of his acres.

The tariff of France prevented any great growth of her import trade, and she was not able to sell any greatly increased quantity of her own goods unless she would take foreign goods in payment. Her ships could not create commerce, but commerce does create ships everywhere and always. Wherever there are wares to be transported ships are sure to come sooner or later, and with no long waiting, either.

A recent French writer sums up the result of this experiment of his countrymen by confessing that it had aggravated the situation, and had proved itself to be a source of mischief, not of cure.

Shipping cannot thrive where tariffs block the way.

Great Profits of the Sugar Trust.

It has been recently stated that the profits of the great sugar trust are equal to from 30 to 40 per cent. on the capital actually invested. The appraised valuation of the different concerns on entering the trust was about \$15,000,000. In giving out certificates of capital to the members of the combination the capital was raised to three times that amount.

The motive of this is plain. The enormous profits of the trust, if reckoned on a capital of \$50,000,000, appear less exorbitant than if reckoned on the actual capital and attract less attention and hostility from the public.

Meanwhile the head of the trust, Theodore F. Havemeyer, defends himself very logically by the principles of the protectionists in the following style: "The great cry of one of the great parties is for protection; that is, they cry for it loudly during campaigns. But when we proceed to give ourselves some protection a howl is raised. They demand protection for the industries. When an industry protects itself it is said that it is illegal."

The sugar trust is a very shrewd and daring "infant industry;" it seizes the thunder of the protectionist Jove and uses it for its own ends. The trust is thoroughly logical. If it is a good thing to have the products of American mills and factories increased in price to the consumer above their normal value, why may not different branches of industry form trusts to raise prices and thus protect themselves? They will realize larger returns on their capital, and that means protection to the American laborer; for it is one of the beautiful dogmas of our protectionist teachers that the more money the employer makes the higher the wages of the laborer will be.

Good protectionists ought really to applaud Mr. Havemeyer and his associates in the trust, and ought to hold them up to the admiration of the people.

And the consumer ought not to complain. If protection is to raise prices to him at all, it really matters very little whether it come through congressional enactment or whether it be the result of private combination.

Consumers ought to be more considerate, and not to denounce Mr. Havemeyer as an "all round villain."

We should remember that a trust is "purely a private affair," with which the government has nothing to do.

Meanwhile the sugar trust is firmly holding its ground behind a wall of 85 per cent. average ad valorem duties; and the reduction on raw sugar without any reduction on refined sugar—as is reported to be the plan of Mr. McKinley's committee, provided he can get the consent of the Kansas representatives for any reduction at all—will only serve to strengthen the defenses of the sugar trust.

There is one practical way to turn the position of the trust; and common sense people cannot see why that should not be adopted. Mr. McKinley himself said in an Ohio audience during the campaign that at state last fall: "Whenever this free competition is evaded or avoided by combinations of individuals or corporations, the duty should be reduced and foreign competition promptly invited."

So, after all the wild and windy declamation of Republican stump speakers in election times, their able leaders do believe that the tariff raises the price of goods to the consumer. If the tariff does not raise prices, then Mr. McKinley's fine sentence would lose its point, for it would be a foolish procedure to strike at the sugar trust by the removal of duties if these duties do not keep the prices up.

We are now collecting \$50,000,000 a year in duties on sugar—the poor bearing a relatively much higher proportion of the burden than the rich—and until the present Republican congress assembled every body supposed that the government had no need for this enormous sum. Now, however, it seems that congress is making away with the surplus in such a record breaking style, and is carrying out so fully the late Corporal Tanner's exclamation, "To hell with the surplus!" that instead of a surplus we are to have a deficit, and that there is more method than madness in Mr. McKinley's drag net process for finding new subjects of taxation.

From present appearances the sugar trust has nothing to fear.

Since congress assembled in December three bills against trusts have been introduced in the senate and fifteen in the house. The most important of these is the bill of Senator Sherman. The senator was quoted some time ago as saying that the tariff protection should be withdrawn in cases where trusts or combinations are formed to limit production, but his bill does not embrace that very wise feature. Why does he not hit the trusts at their most vital spot?

The condition of the woolen manufacturing industry of Philadelphia is reported to be alarming. Over 800 weavers are idle; two large mills, employing together 1,500 hands, have shut down; and another large establishment, which has been running night and day for several years, is now on half time.

AMANDA JINKS.

Her Second Love—A New York Society Novelette.



HERE was no doubt about her being an attractive young lady. Amanda Jinks was a tall, handsome girl with a queenly figure, dark hair and still darker eyes that were full of expression. She was of a very independent disposition, and well she might be, for she had in her own name a cool million dollars.

N. B.—Note by the author.—What it is that refrigerates this precise amount is not very apparent, but somehow or other a million dollars is always cool, hence I have thought it best not to deviate from the rule laid down by other great writers and thinkers.

But to resume: Amanda Jinks had for several months been the affianced bride of Dudley Vandercump, a scion of one of the oldest and most obsolete families of "giddy Gotham." Their antics did not differ materially from those of other engaged persons. When the light was turned down in the Jinks parlor the young brother of Amanda could hear soft gurgling sounds like the water escaping from the kitchen sink; and when they parted at the gate there was the usual explosive kiss, like the bung blown out of a beer barrel.

This delightful state of affairs was not destined to be of long duration. The first intimation that Amanda had of her lover's inconstancy was his unwillingness to read Walter Scott's novels with her. Heretofore they had spent hours every day reading the delightful romances of Sir Walter. Then, again, Amanda noticed that Vandercump's parting hug had lost much of its tenderness. She no longer felt as she was in a lay press, and the parting kiss became a voiceless echo. One day as Amanda was passing an ice-cream fair she perceived her fickle Dudley playing second spoon in an ice-cream duet with a very blonde girl named Smith, whose father had much wealth.

Thus they became estranged and gradually drifted apart, but when Amanda read in the morning paper that her Dudley was about to wed Miss Smith it caused a pang to shoot through her heart, although she determined to accept the invitation to the wedding. At the reception Amanda managed to get near enough the bride to whisper: "Dudely, you have not acted square with me, but I forgive, as I don't think



AMANDA AND HER WARD.

you have got any too much sense. As your name indicates, you are a chump." "You threw away your chances. Why didn't you say something about this yesterday?" replied Dudley Vandercump, turning to his young bride partly to conceal his emotion.

Before retiring that night Amanda wrote a very sarcastic letter to Dudley, referring to the lack of beauty on the part of Mrs. V.—and intimating that she was the red-headed, green-eyedest woman in New York, and that if he ever had occasion to box his wife's ears it would infuse a thrill into the lumber market, so large were they. The letter concluded with a heartfelt wish for the young husband's prosperity under these most disadvantageous circumstances, and in a postscript she said she would never forget him.

The lovers never met again. Amanda Jinks became a wanderer on the face of the world, and wrote books of travel in foreign lands that made the publishers sigh, so slow did they sell. After eighteen years' absence Amanda Jinks once more returned to New York.

By the way, just before Amanda left this country, while on a long sound boat she rescued from the burning steamer a little boy whose parents had perished in the flames. Amanda had put this little waif in charge of the gardener at her villa, a man by the name of O'Donohue.

Amanda looked forward with intense pleasure to meeting her little ward. When she arrived at her lonely villa in the Harlem portion of New York, she held her breath in astonishment at the apparition that appeared to greet her. In a bowler of honeysuckles stood the living image of her former lover, Dudley Vandercump, whom she knew to be dead.

It was some time before Amanda could control her emotions to speak to the little waif that had now grown to be a handsome young man. It was impossible to obtain any information from the gardener, O'Donohue, as he was lying in a comatose condition in consequence of his going on a spree in honor of Amanda's arrival. Finally the gardener revived sufficiently to say something in broken accents about Scott's novels; but, unfortunately, having a flask handy he got drunk again before clearing up the mystery, and died without regaining consciousness.

Amanda Jinks soon discovered that "Tommy," that being the name of the waif—resembled her long lost Dudley Vandercump as much in mind as in person. It was not long before Amanda loved again with all the intensity of her

nature. One day she seized Tommy, who was now about the age of twenty-one, in her arms, and squeezed him until he promised to be her lover, her darling, her husband. Tableau!

As she unclasped him from her arms a full twelve dollar set of Walter Scott's novels fell from his bosom to the ground. N. B. It is usual for most great novel writers to have a warm pocket Bible drop from the lap or bosom of the hero or heroine, but I have seen proper to change the literature to a set of Scott's works. I'm writing this novel.—[Note by the author.]

But to resume: Amanda stooped down, and mechanically opening one of the novels drew forth a letter, old, worn and wrinkled. She started violently as she noticed that the writing was in her own hand. Of course it was the sarcastic letter which she herself wrote to Dudley Vandercump when he married the Smith girl, and in which she intimated that she would never forget him.

"Where did you get this?" gasped Amanda.

"It was in my father's set of Scott's novels; he often used to take that letter and sit out in the moonlight and beller by the hour, said Tommy," imprinting a hug and a kiss that reminded Amanda of bygone days.

"Ah, my dear husband, what's going to be, your father was my first and only love and you are my second and only love," said Amanda, folding him a few more times in her arms. Tableau!

ALEX. E. SWEET.

COULD NOT STAND THE COMPETITION.



Prof. Carlo Benvenuto—What's der trouble in der parkay, Julie? His Assistant—A gent's havin' a fit. The Professor—Who is he? His Assistant—Head carver at der Fall Avenue Hotel.—Puck.

THE BUSY BURGLAR.

He is Quite a Philosopher and Not Half so Bad as Some Other People.

The burglar is a thief who is willing to risk his life to acquire wealth in an illegitimate manner. There are many men who acquire millions in a criminal way without being obliged to risk their lives. We refer to corrupt officials, capitalists who wreck railroad companies in their own interests, and various types of financial and legal sharks. Compared with these the burglar and the train robber are gentlemen.

The burglar, like his friend the philosopher, takes every thing just as it comes, and occasionally he goes for it.

The life of the burglar is far from being a pleasant one. He has to encounter much that is disagreeable and discouraging. For instance, burglars who break into grocery stores complain that the pies are no longer young.

In New Jersey not long since a burglar made a mistake and entered the house of an editor. How discouraging a mistake of that kind must be to an industrious and ambitious burglar. By the way, there is a striking point of resemblance between the busy editor and the hard-working burglar. It is their dislike to long sentences.

Next to the sleepy watchman, the burglar's best friend is the burglar alarm. It is a wonderful invention. It can always be relied on to warn the burglar in season for him to get out of the way before any body can shoot.—Texas Siftings.

A Good Thing, After All.

"I jost believe that 'r feller is jes' as well off widout education."

"Wall, I dunno. There's Bob Sawyer, he sent his son Bill to college an' worked right an' day to do it. Bill went to town, got a job in a bank and he has jist sent Bob enough money from Canada to pay off all the mortgages on his farm and build a new barn."—Life.

Excitement in a Newspaper Office. Editor—James, what is that moving in the waste basket—a mouse? James (examining basket)—No, sir; it's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir.

Editor—Pour some water on it and throw it in the ash barrel; the place isn't insured.—Munsey's Weekly.

A New Crop.

Three-Fingered Mike—Ah, there, Reddy! Been away, ha'n't yer? Jim the Penman—Yep; been to Kansas.

"Kansas—were yer farmin'?" "Naw, not much—raised a few checks, though."—Light.

Let Us Hope, So.

"By George! that was awful. A freight train of fifty-four cars loaded with pig-iron ran over a tramp yesterday."

"Oh! mercy! I hope the poor fellow wasn't hurt."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Fond of Luxury.

Willie—I wish I'd been Adam. Nurse—Why?

Willie—He never had to be a baby, and have a big, strapping woman like you to wash his face.—Harper's Bazar.

He Had Quit It.

"Do you ever go to bed with cold feet?" asked the physician.

"No," replied the patient. "My wife died seven years ago, and I never remarried."—The Sun.

The Same Old Dun.

"Did you tell the grocer that I am not receiving calls of any kind to-day?"

"Yes, sir; but he said as how you ought to appoint a receiver, then."—Puck.

THE BOWSERS.

Mr. Dowser Takes a Few Lessons on the Harp.



HEN Mr. Bowser unlocked the front door one night this winter he hid it so softly, and he made so little noise in the hall that I suspected something wrong. He came into the sitting-room looking rather sheepish and like a man who had something on his mind; but I

asked no questions and he volunteered no information until afterwards. Then he suddenly asked:

"Do you keep up your piano practice?"

"Oh, yes. You hate music, and so I don't play when you are here."

"I hate music! What are you talking about?"

"You have often compared my playing to the sounds of beating on an old tin pan."

"Well, of course, you are a poor player, and your voice is cracked; but so far as music is concerned—real music—it fills my soul with joy."

"But you never sing or play."

"Haven't had time heretofore, but now I—"

"You intend to?"

"Yes. I feel the need of something to make home more pleasant—to offer more diversion during the long hours of evening. I think I shall learn the harp."

"At your age?"

"That's it! That's what I expected to hear! What's the matter with my age? I am neither blind, speechless nor crippled. Pity went at it and learned six languages after he was seventy years old."

"Well, I suppose you brought home the harp?"

"Yes. It's a beauty, and I got it cheap. It's a real Givoni, and I bought it of a man who was hard up. Got it for \$35, and it's worth \$70."

"And you will try to learn to play it?"

"Certainly. I had one lesson this afternoon, and in less than a month I'll astonish you."

"You will practice in the garret, I suppose?"

"Not by a jugful! I shall practice right here! That is, there won't be much practice about it, as I shall be playing tunes by Saturday."

He uncovered and brought in a greasy, ill-shaped harp, which looked as if it had been carried around the country since the days of Columbus, and when he saw me looking at it he said:

"This harp was made by Givoni himself over one hundred years ago."

"Who was Givoni?"

"Who was Givoni? Why don't you ask who George Washington was?"

"Well, it's my opinion that you have been swindled on the instrument, and I fear you are too old to take up such music."

"Do you? That's a nice way to encourage a husband! I see now why so many men run out nights. I not only



THE BABY COULDN'T STAND IT.

saved forty dollars in buying this harp, but I'll make your heart ache with jealousy before the month is over!"

He sat down and began to thrum. He held his head on one side, ran out his tongue and picked away at the scale, and he had been going about five minutes when the cook opened the door, beckoned me out, and whispered:

"I give you notice that I shall leave after supper to-morrow!"

"Why? what is it?" I asked.

"Him—Mr. Bowser! He'll bring spoons and ghosts about! I have already been taken with palpitation of the heart. Mercy! but listen to those voices of the dead calling out to each other across their graves! Mrs. Bowser, it's the wonder of the people that you don't commit suicide!"

Mr. Bowser thrummed until I had to carry baby upstairs to quiet his howls, and until the ends of his fingers were sore, and he wouldn't have quit when he did had not a voice in front of the house shouted:

"Why don't some one throw a rock through the window or ring for the patrol wagon?"

Next day a dark-skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni, came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook, who had almost consented to stay, suddenly rose up and rushed after her bundle. When ready to go she whispered to me:

"I'm sorry, mum; sorry for you that's left! If the child dies, send me word and I'll come and do all in my power."

Mr. Bowser took four lessons in all, and then told his teacher that his services would be no longer required. He took the last two lessons in the barn in order, as he said, to surprise me. On the evening of the last lesson he brought in the harp just as a couple of the neighbors came in. He promptly responded to an invitation to show off, but had not labored two minutes when one of the gentlemen asked:

"Have you any particular object in that, Mr. Bowser?"

"Of course he has," replied the other. "It is an imitation of a great calamity in Japan—buildings shaken down by an

earthquake—flames devouring the ruins—husbands shouting—wives praying—children sobbing—dogs barking, etc. Is it your own composition, Mr. Bowser?"

"Why—why, don't I play all right? The teacher said I was making wonderful progress."

They beckoned him out into the alley, and held a conference. What was said, I do not know, but when Mr. Bowser came in he looked very pale, and the first thing he did was to give the harp a kick which opened all the joints and prepared it for the crash which came when he flung it out doors.

"Mr. Bowser, have you gone crazy?" I demanded.

"No, ma'am, but I've got a few words to say to you."

"What have I done?"

"Done! Done! Who coaxed me into buying a harp?"

"The grandson of Givoni. He had an old harp he wanted to get rid of, and he struck you for a flat and got twice its worth."

"Struck me for a flat!" he shouted, as he walked around on the cat. "And why? Because I was willing to be swindled to keep peace in the family. You had your mind set on a harp and harp you must have."

"Mr. Bowser! What did I want of a harp?"

"Heaven only knows. But for you I should never have thought of trying to play on it. What do you suppose Greene and Davis said?"

"That you were a dunce."

"That if their wives led them around by the nose as you do me that they'd wipe the family out and then commit suicide! I must have looked sweet dawdling over that old harp!"

"You did. I told you that it was nonsense your trying to learn music at your age."

"My age! There you go! Am I a thousand years old? Am I five hundred? Am I even one hundred, that you keep dinging it at me! Music! Why, I have more music in my big toe than you have in your whole body. Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit. You have gone far enough. Now beware! The form is ready to turn!"

But next morning the worm was as pleasant as June, and when a crowd of a dozen boys paraded up and down, each harping on a piece of that harp, Mr. Bowser never let on that he saw or heard anything.—Detroit Free Press.

Undoubtedly Got It.

Willie (to older sister)—Say, Irene, you got me a cookie on the sly or I'll give you dead away.

Older Sister—What do you mean, Willie?

"Do you s'pose I don't know Mr. Hankinson was here last night?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Nothin', only I put a hunk of gum on that extra chair in the parlor before he came, and it's still there this morning. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

Got All He Wanted.

"I want board an' lodgin'," said the tramp.

"All right. There is the flower-bed out on the lawn. Sleep there and eat as many of the stakes as you wish. What time shall we call you in the morning?"—Chatter.

Couldn't Discover It.

Tommy—I don't notice any thing remarkable about you.

Tangle—Why, of course not; what did you expect?

Tommy—Uncle told auntie last night that you had an 'awful jag on.'—Boston Herald.

Sunday-School Item.

Sunday-School Teacher—Who killed Goliath?

Little Girl—Please, sir, it was David. He killed him with a sling.

Teacher—What was in the sling?

Bad Boy—Chestnuts.—Arcola Record.

An Exploded Notion.

Mrs. Gotham—This paper says mud baths will cure rheumatism.

Mr. Gotham (a great sufferer)—Nonsense! I've fallen down in Broadway half a dozen times, and it didn't do a bit of good.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Complete Recovery.

McCrinkle—Wasn't the king of Siam reported to be very ill some time ago?

McCrinkle—I think he was. Why?

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MISS KATE BOGLE

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NEWS HUNTING.

The Day's Work of a Busy Female Reporter.

A WOMAN'S NEW YORK LETTER.

From a Marble Works to a Singer's Boudoir—In the Home Temple of an Erotic Poetess—The Distasteful Assignment of a City Editor Accepted.

(Copyright, 1890.)

NEW YORK, March 27.—The newspaper woman is one of the triumphs of Nineteenth century civilization.

Let us follow one of them through a day of her busy life, look through her eyes and hear with her ears. Do not take one of these phenomenal, young women who are daily astounding the universe by their extraordinary exploits, but an ordinary, plodding, digging hard worker—a feminine free lance, who writes for a half dozen different papers under as many nom de plumes.

On a rainy spring morning, when the dull light struggles into the little bedroom of a little flat long way up town, she turns languidly on her pillow and drowsily comes back from dreamland. How good the bed yet seems; how she would love to lie an hour or so longer. But as she stares blinking at the picture at the foot of her bed, she suddenly remembers where she is, who she is, her excuse for living and the day's work before her. Good gracious! What time is it? She has an interview this morning, beside she must go copy hunting from the Battery to Harlem. There is another interview at 2 o'clock and an appointment at an editor's office to talk over an assignment, and then to-night.

But here she pillows off and makes one desperate effort and rises. When breakfast is finished and she has given a hurried glance at the morning paper, she consults her maid of all work as to the resources of the icebox. On her way to the elevated railway station she does the marketing for her little family. Glancing at her watch she finds she has time for one or two errands before the hour fixed for the interview. Starting out the L train window she formulates her plans. "I will stop at Thirty-third street, run over to those marble works and take a look at the monument for the Chicago millionaire, after that I can run in on that manager and get his plans for his new star's tour. By that time Miss Thespius will have had her breakfast and be ready to see me."

So leaving the train she hurries to the marble works, and, asking for the manager, begs to be shown the monument which a despairing widow has ordered for her dear defunct. The manager is as affable as a marble man can be, and tells her how the despairing widow bent them down to their lowest price for the noble pillar which is to commemorate her husband's virtues. Down Broadway then goes our newspaper woman in search of the manager who has undertaken the fortunes of an actress who has just passed through a successful divorce suit and is, therefore, looked upon as a capital investment. She discovers her man in the box office of a prominent theatre and makes known her errand. Having received points from the manager and promise of an early interview with the star, she hastens further up town. She is going to interview a somewhat famous opera bouffe singer—famous alike for her diamonds and her escapades—a type rapidly increasing upon the modern stage.

On a cross street, before a handsome apartment house, she pauses, and, realizing herself that she has the right number, rings the bell of the second flat. The door opens and she mounts the stairs. A tidy quadroon maid receives her and shows her into a beautiful little reception room, hung in pale blue and silver and lined with mirrors. Every where our scribbler turns she sees herself, her plain stiff frock, her trim tulle, her small turban collected. She notes the exquisite draperies, the costly tapestries, the open piano, its top one mass of flowers.

On a polished mahogany table stands an open box filled with violets, the little morning offering. On another table are two or three empty champagne bottles and two glasses, some dishes of fruit and confections in dainty boxes, a half smoked cigar and two or three cigarettes. Evidently Maumelle had a spread last night, thinks the little newspaper woman. A great screen of gold and

silver and blue stands before a Persian draped doorway. Back of this there come mysterious rustlings and whispers, and presently there sweeps from behind it a superbly formed young woman in a smart Japanese tea gown. The masses of gilded hair are carelessly caught up in the amber pins, the little feet are thrust in scarlet slippers and as she seats herself such waves and billows of rare lace are revealed that the newspaper woman's eyes shine with delight. "Here is copy indeed," she thinks. "I wonder if she'll show me her divided skirts?" The opera bouffe queen extends a fair, white hand which literally blazes with gems and assures the scribbler that she is very well—well.

Now the latter sets to work. She presently discovers that the beautiful woman before her is a very ordinary person. She talks poorly, at times betraying great illiteracy and ignorance. She is vain and conceited.

After she has been shown the singer's diamonds, her corsets, her lace draped bed and her favorite pug, the newspaper woman bows herself from the lady's presence. As she leaves the house Maumelle's triumphant dashes up. The rain is pouring down, and as our scribbler spreads her well worn umbrella and trudges along on foot through the mud, a remembrance of those luxurious rooms perfumed with flowers, the flash of gems, the glimmer of satin, crosses her mind.

Taking the elevated line again, she is whirled down town to Battery place. She is going to write up Castle Garden for a morning paper. She spends two full hours there, watching the immigrants, jotting down a few statistics, and then hurries up to the 84th streets for a breakfast. Her next interview is at 2 o'clock, and she has a quarter of an hour in which to bolt her luncheon and get to her destination.

The woman she is now going to interview is a chronic reformer. Just now she is the high priestess of occult sciences, and as such her opinions on certain subjects are invaluable to the press.

Our newspaper woman, having given herself a disreputable attack by reason of her hastily swallowed luncheon, is kept waiting one half hour by the reformer. Then she is shown to her room, where the lady awaits her, clad in purple and fine linen, surrounded by papers, documents and magazines.

The purple robed priestess discourses of astral shells and truth and the higher life in glittering generalities. In vain does our newspaper woman try to pin her down and find out just what the doctrine is which the lady promulgates. All is eloquent mysticism—a current of beautiful and meaningless rhetoric, and the writer leaves the room with a vague sense of having passed through some intellectual cyclone.

It is now nearly 4 o'clock. Our scribbler cannot see the city editor, with whom she has an appointment, until a quarter of 6. Two hours. What shall she do with them? She suddenly recalls that in a street hard by lives the author of a volume of lurid verse, which the critics are just now dissecting. She will try to see her. So hastening to the lady's apartment, she is at once admitted. To her dismay she finds the fair poetess surrounded by a bevy of adoring female friends, to whom she is reading notices of her book and reciting bits of her own verse. She greets the new comers cordially and presents her to her friends. Then the rites are begun anew.

Amid sympathetic sighs and soft little groans the authoress reads her poem on the birth of love, in which she has no scruples about calling things by their proper names.

Presently the poetess concludes her reading and one of her adoring drops on her knees beside her and spreading upon her lap, looks up into her face with yearning, "O, Sappho!"

THE WORSHIP OF A POETESS.

she murmurs rapturously, "for you are our Sappho—teach us the secret of your divine fire. How, how can you think of those heavenly lines? Another 'dear' hands Sappho a flower and begs her to kiss it and it will be eternally preserved. But about this time our newspaper woman is so nauseated that, pleading an engagement, she goes away, and, once outside this temple of the Muses, draws a long breath of relief.

The rain is pouring down. Her skirts are dripping, she is tired out, but she has yet to go down to the office of one of the daily papers to hear the "suggestions" of the city editor. She has to wait some time in a dreary, gloomy room, through whose dusty windows she looks out upon brick walls and watches the ghastly gleam of the electric lights and the ceaseless drip of the rain. At last the editor, a cool, self contained young man, with big, blue eyes, comes in, and, after a careless "Good evening," begins to lay out his plans.

As he proceeds our little woman feels as if she were slowly turning to stone, so repulsive is the nature of the undertaking which he is blocking out. "I can't do it," she gasps; "I really could not do that." An amused smile curls his lips. "Could not?" he asks. "Why not? You can't afford to be squeamish in the newspaper business. We want this line and we know you can do it satisfactorily. We'll pay you well." She shakes her head obstinately. "Well," he continues, "think it over and let me know to-morrow. You'd best decide to do it. Nobody will recognize you. You can wear a veil if you like."

Out again into the rainy, muddy streets. Once more upon the train flying homeward now. She thinks of the dear little flat so cozy and pleasant. How good it will be to get home. She leans her tired head back against the window and dozes until her station is called. Then, while walking the few blocks to her flat, she thinks again, with sinking heart, of her editor's suggestion. "I cannot do it," over and over she says. But after her dinner, when the doctor comes in and shakes his head dubiously over the invalid for whom our scribbler is working; when the maid tells her the coal is out and hands her the gas bill and mentions incidentally that the agent called about the rent; when she sees how shabby her boots are getting and vaguely wonders where the spring frock is coming from, then the sun the city editor mentioned he would give for the paper toward her and writes a note to the city editor in which she tells him that on deliberation she has concluded to take the assignment of which they were talking that afternoon, and for the sum which he named she will write up her experiences in copious detail. With a shudder of disgust she seals the letter and addresses it. Then, worn out from the labors of the day, she seeks the little bedroom. With a hasty prayer she presses her head against the pillow and is soon fast asleep. One day in a newspaper woman's life is ended. EDITH SESSONS TRIPPER.

COPY AND TO SPARE.

silver and blue stands before a Persian draped doorway. Back of this there come mysterious rustlings and whispers, and presently there sweeps from behind it a superbly formed young woman in a smart Japanese tea gown. The masses of gilded hair are carelessly caught up in the amber pins, the little feet are thrust in scarlet slippers and as she seats herself such waves and billows of rare lace are revealed that the newspaper woman's eyes shine with delight. "Here is copy indeed," she thinks. "I wonder if she'll show me her divided skirts?" The opera bouffe queen extends a fair, white hand which literally blazes with gems and assures the scribbler that she is very well—well.

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Presently the poetess concludes her reading and one of her adoring drops on her knees beside her and spreading upon her lap, looks up into her face with yearning, "O, Sappho!"

THE HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A BEAUTIFUL MISSOURI GIRL.

Allie Atkinson is the handsome 18-year-old daughter of James W. Atkinson, a prominent and wealthy farmer living three and a half miles west of Pleasant Hill, Mo. To no girl did life look brighter and more full of sunshine than to her. She was full of life, the light of her father's home, the belle of the neighborhood. One brief hour changed all this, and now Miss Atkinson lies on a bed of pain, watched over by a grief stricken mother, while the male members of the family have the stern duty before them of hunting down the wretch whose brutality has cast a permanent shadow over a once happy home.

The other day, shortly after dinner, Allie started for the house of a neighbor, a quarter of a mile distant. She returned within the hour half dead from terror and exhaustion, covered with dirt and mud, her clothes torn and disarranged, her wealth of hair severed from her head, a gash in her mouth, her hands tied, and her limbs gashed by her assailant running toward the railway track, and summoning her last reserve of strength dragged her way home.

Mounted messengers soon roused the whole country side, and by dark a thousand men were scouring the fields and roads for miles around. Several persons who came under suspicion were placed in custody, but released on proving satisfactory alibis. The hunt kept up all next day, but proved fruitless, and the case is now in the hands of trained agents of the law, who hope to be able to bring the unknown villain to justice.

Now Hunting the Regulators.

Several people have left Westport, N. J., and others are keeping very quiet. This is the result of a recent attempt to "regulate" things in the household of Richard Seybold. One of the inmates, named Brady, together with Mrs. Seybold, had been for a season the subject of gossip. The "White Caps" broke into the Seybold residence, seized Brady and hustled him out of town. He is back again, and both he and his hosts threaten to hunt down the members of the mob. The offenses alleged as an excuse for the demonstration are said to have had no existence.

He Doesn't Call Now.

Tommy (with anxiety)—Mr. Stayer, do you get little children?

Mr. Stayer (visibly embarrassed)—Why, no, Tommy; why do you ask?

Tommy (relieved)—Well, here's a piece I made "Little Children Eaten by a Bear."

First Doctor—Let's see it.

Second Doctor—Can't very well, fact is, I'm wearing it under my flesh.—Buckett.

Threw Him in Again.

Rescuer (who has pulled a man out of the water)—Gracious! Your head is bleeding. How did you cut it?

Rescued Man—On the water's edge, I guess.—Lawrence American.

An Indiana man, now under suspicion of axicide, was good enough to pay this

MEANS BUSINESS.

COME and settle your account. A. R. Penny.

WATCHES and jewelry repaired and warranted. A. R. Penny.

THE best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

BUY your school books, ink, tablets, paper, pencils and school supplies of all kinds from A. R. Penny.

PERSONAL POINTS.

MR. WILL SEVERANCE is in the cities after his spring goods.

MRS. KATE DUDDERAR is in Louisville laying in her spring stock.

MRS. BEN TURNER and Mrs. Ed Carter went to Louisville, Tuesday.

MISS JULIA DOUGLAS has returned from a visit to friends at Crab Orchard.

MISS FANNIE COULTER, of Parksville, is the guest of Mrs. Dr. J. G. Carpenter.

MRS. DAN TWADDLE, of Junction City, is visiting her brother, John Dadderar.

MR. AND MRS. J. M. SALLER, of Harrodsburg, are the guests of Mr. Sam M. Owens.

Mrs. J. S. YOUNG, who has been to see her sick daughter in New Albany, returned Tuesday.

Mrs. ALICE PHILLIPS, who was thought to be dying Wednesday, was much better yesterday.

OUR thanks are due Mrs. J. C. Davis, of Medicine Lodge, Kas., for her several papers of his city.

EDITOR E. B. SMITH, of the Mt. Vernon Signal, was here Wednesday, nosing around for news and notes (bank).

MISS SABRA HAYS, who has been visiting Mrs. J. F. Holdam, at Crab Orchard, has returned. Mrs. Holdam is now visiting in Danville.

DR. T. M. LEWIS was here this week for the first time in nearly three months, during which time he has suffered greatly from broken ribs and the pneumonia.

COL. MATT ADAMS, Secretary of State, was here yesterday looking after his fences in the race for clerk of the Court of Appeals. The gallant mountaineer has many friends hereabouts.

MISS MOLLY WALTER, Mrs. James Milburn and Mr. Richard Walter were called to Danville Wednesday by the death of their relative, Mrs. Will Williams. Deceased was about 27 years old and leaves two children.

MRS. J. M. PHELPS and daughter, Miss Katie, and Mrs. W. M. Bright have returned from a visit to friends in Louisville. Miss Mary McKinney, who accompanied them, is the guest of Miss L. La Yeager, of that city.

HON. JOHN W. LEWIS, the influential republican who assisted in securing for Stanford one of the handsomest and best postmasters in the country, was here on legal business Wednesday. The people of this community owe Mr. Lewis a big vote of thanks.

HON. R. C. WARREN came home Tuesday to bring Page Ashby, who is sick. Mr. Warren tells us that the report that he would be counsel for Toy Teeters was without foundation in fact. He had never been spoken to in the matter and at present his duties would have prevented him from defending the negro, even if he had.

CITY AND VICINITY.

FOR SALE of rent the Carpenter House. Apply to D. R. Carpenter.

A NEW and beautiful line of one and eight-day clocks at W. B. McROBERTS.

Go to Rowland for first-class photographs, \$1 per dozen. Frank Cordier.

THE prohibitionists will meet here tomorrow afternoon on the call of Chairman Neal.

ANOTHER murder in Rockcastle county, this time a fratricide. See particulars in Mt. Vernon letter.

FOR RENT.—My house and garden. Place has on it an abundance of fruit of all varieties. Mrs. E. C. Helm.

LANDRETH's, Ferry's and Crossman's garden seeds in bulk and packages, onion sets, N. Y. seed potatoes, etc., at A. A. Warren's Model Grocery.

A LOT on Main street, Stanford, containing 1 1/2-10 acres and very desirable, for sale. Also a lot of chairs, including several rockers. Apply at INTERIOR JOURNAL office. T. R. Walton.

THE Lincoln Building and Savings Association will begin on Saturday, April 5, '90, to issue a new series of stock. H. J. Darst and A. A. Warren are authorized to receive subscriptions for same.

HUSTONVILLE's election for town trustees Monday resulted in the selection of James and John Goode, G. F. Peacock, Coleman Carpenter, Hugh Logan and G. W. Ryan. The latter was made police judge and William Dunn town marshal. The board appears to be decidedly a wet one.

THE will of Levi Hubble, which was probated this week, appoints his wife, Mrs. Martha J. Hubble, and his nephews, L. F. Hubble, executors, and they qualified without security, as it directed. The estate is equally divided between his wife and three children, W. G. and Misses Allie P. and Laura Hubble, the shares of the two latter to be held in trust for the present by their mother.

ALL kinds of garden seed at S. S. Myers.

A. T. NUNNELLEY wants 100,000 pounds of wool.

PLEASE call and settle your account. Thomas Metcalf.

NICE lot of white rabbits for sale. John T. Livingston, Crab Orchard.

SEVENTY car loads of freight left Rowland Wednesday for Middlesboro.

THERE is some mighty good reading in the extra pages sent out with this issue.

WE have placed all our accounts and notes with Harvey Helm for collection. He will be found at Hill & McRoberts law office. Owsley & Craig.

IT was 25 years ago Wednesday that Gen. Lee surrendered the Confederate army to Gen. Grant under the famous apple tree at Appomattox.

I WILL be back from the cities in a few days with an elegant line of spring and summer millinery. The ladies should examine my stock before buying. Mrs. Kate Dudderar.

FOOT MASHED.—George Elliott, a youth living near New Haven, tried to board a freight while passing that place Wednesday and had his foot run over and so badly mashed that amputation will likely be necessary.

THERE are at present outstanding \$11,500 in county bonds. \$5,000 more were ordered to be issued for turnpikes some time ago and Tuesday the amount was increased \$5,500, making the present and immediate bonded indebtedness of the county \$22,000.

THE several warm and sunshiny days of the first of the week brought out vegetation at a rapid rate, which the cold snap of Wednesday night checked to some extent. It was pretty chilly yesterday, but Gen. Greely said it would be warmer to-day and remain fair till Saturday.

THE National Building & Loan Association, Louisville, declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent. on the entire amount paid in on capital stock out of the net earnings for the last six months. This is certainly a splendid showing and the general manager of the association, Mr. C. M. Phillips, late of Lebanon, is to be congratulated. Those desiring to invest large or small sums can write to him at 504 W. Main street.

THE commonwealth is being ably represented this week by Gen. W. J. Landram, while Mr. Herndon is at Frankfort trying to secure the passage of the salary bill for officers of his class. It is almost salary or nothing in this district, if we are to judge by this county, and Mr. Herndon is excusable, unless he wants to work for no pay and board himself besides. The fees of the office would barely pay his traveling expenses, we would think.

THE indications are that Stanford, which has lain dormant for some time, is preparing for a little boom herself. J. S. Hughes and Dr. J. F. Peyton have bought of W. M. Lackey his house and lot of 14 acres for \$5,000, although he asked \$4,000 damages for the C. R. to run through it. The lot runs from Main back to the new pike, which will be made a street to the end of the town limits, and the gentlemen propose to divide it up into building lots which will be put on the market. It is also proposed to open the street through Mr. Vandever's place on the Somerset pike, thereby adding hundreds of building sites on the hill overlooking the town. The scheme is a splendid one and it is hoped it will be fully carried out.

THE adjourned court of levy met Tuesday with most of the justices present. The committee consisting of Squires Young, Neal and Chappell, prepared a report in favor of an appropriation to change the line of the Danville and Crab Orchard pike, so as to avoid crossing the railroad track at Rowland, but on it being suggested that the new Cumberland road would probably run just where the proposed pike would leave the Main line, they changed it in favor of the cut off, which is to start from the Myers corner in Stanford and strike the C. O. pike just beyond Needmore. The distance will be two miles and the court agreed to appropriate \$1,500 for its construction on condition that the town of Stanford would increase its subscription from \$850 to \$1,000. This will be done and the new road built. On the petition of the president of the Cumberland railroad and 81 citizens the court ordered an election to be held in the Stanford and Turnersville precincts on the 1st Saturday in May, to decide whether or not a subscription of \$20,000 will be made to the capital stock of that road, the money to go towards paying freight-of-way, &c. A subscription of \$1,000 a mile was ordered for the Knob Lick, Turnersville & McCormack turnpike, a proposed road 4 miles long. Squires Wells and Chappell were appointed a committee to locate the Crab Orchard and Holdam's Mill pike and also the C. O., Ottenheim and Chappell's Gap pike. Squire Bastin was substituted for Squire Lynn to assist in the location of the Faulkner's Mill and Kingsville pike. Chris Hutchinson's children were ordered to be taken to the poor-house and several other paupers were allowed from \$4 to \$5 a month for their maintenance, and the court adjourned.

THE mass convention to nominate candidates for county officers in Garrard will occur on the 19th, instead of on the 26th as has been stated.

THE prospect is that a very large crowd will attend the sale of lots in the Mt. Vincent Addition to Pineville next Tuesday and Wednesday. The best chance for profitable investment is offered here than anywhere.

THE temporary organization of the Cumberland River Railroad Co. was effected in the election of J. C. Rodemer, president, D. W. Vandever vice-president and W. H. Miller secretary, a very worthy compliment to men who have done the most for the enterprise.

I HAVE made my arrangements to engage in the ice business and will be prepared to furnish ice to the people of Stanford and vicinity at the lowest possible price. My facilities are such as to enable me to furnish it at all hours of the day. Special prices in large quantities. M. F. Elkin.

WHILE Willis Whitley was hauling goods with S. S. Myers' team Tuesday the shaft broke, causing the horse to run away. The wagon was overturned and wrecked generally, and Willis landing on his head, it was at first supposed that his skull was broken. Drs. Carpenter and Fry were called and found that it was only a scalp wound, about seven inches long, which they sewed up and the man is getting all right again. A good deal of the wagon was reduced to kindling wood.

INVITATIONS have been received here to the grand opening of "The Middlesboro," the elegant English hotel at Middlesboro. The programme contains a ball and banquet, which will eclipse anything that young city has ever known of. Accompanying the invitation is a railroad pass for self and lady on the special train which will pass this place about noon, Tuesday the 15th, arriving at Middlesboro in due time to see the sights that that place affords before the grand event.

THE election on the question of subscribing \$20,000 to the capital stock of the Cumberland River railroad will be held Saturday, May 3d. Only the two precincts of Stanford and Turnersville will be called on to subscribe. These precincts own about half of the property in the county and can afford with little inconvenience to make this small investment, which we believe will be a paying one in itself, not taking into consideration the vast benefit that the county will reap incidentally from it.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The case against Tom Wren for the murder of his father-in-law, "Beaver-Tail" Baker, was commenced Tuesday with the following jurors in the box: J. G. Lynn, Sidney Dunbar, J. F. Pulliam, G. D. Smiley, Patterson Underwood, J. M. Carter, J. M. Hill, S. G. Hocker, E. F. Powell, G. N. Bradley, T. J. Foster and J. T. Harris. As this was the third trial including the examining trial, the facts are pretty well known to our readers. It seems that "Beaver-Tail," ordinarily a harmless old fellow, went to Wren's house and engaged in a quarrel with him for whipping his wife, which Wren admitted. Baker finally got after him with a hatchet when Wren retreated, shooting three times, as he said, to scare him. The fourth time he shot to kill and did kill. Taking into consideration Baker's age, condition and relationship to Wren, the case looked to an outsider like one of willful murder, but the jury after nearly a day's deliberation brought in a verdict of involuntary manslaughter and fixed the punishment at two years in the penitentiary. The accused was represented by Messrs. Hill, Bobbitt, Miller & Owsley and Lawyer Davidson, while Judge W. O. Hansford and Gen. Landram made a vigorous prosecution. Both delivered good speeches, the general especially showing how ably he could stand by the rights of the Commonwealth.

IN the suit of Grundy vs. the Pine Hill Coal Co., three distinguished republicans appeared as counsel, Messrs. John W. Lewis, of Washington, W. O. Bradley, of Garrard, and John W. Yerkes, of Boyle. Judge Morrow, as is well known, is also a republican, and the quartet embraces a good share of the brains of the republican party of Kentucky.

THE suit of Cyrus A. Butt against the Stanford & Halls Gap Pike Co. for \$5,000 was dismissed settled. A compromise was effected, by which the company pays him \$350. It will be remembered that Mr. Butt's horse backed over a cliff on the side of the road, the buggy, in which were himself and wife, 50 feet to the rocks below. Mrs. Butt was badly hurt but Mr. Butt escaped serious damage.

AFTER going into the Teeter's case Judge Morrow finally discharged the standing juries, after thanking them for promptness and faithfulness.

THE next case was that of Toy Teeters for the murder of Will Allen Baugh. The prisoner was brought into court and stating his inability to employ counsel, Judge Morrow appointed Col. Hill, Judge Alcorn and Hon. F. F. Bobbitt to defend him. The relatives of Baugh got Miller & Owsley to assist in the prosecution. Only three men on the standing juries were found to be competent jurors for this case, so the Court ordered Sheriff Newland to summon a special venire of 50 men. Nearly all of them were examined before the panel was obtained, many being excused for forming an opinion from the report of the murder printed in

this paper. By 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the jury was completed as follows: Alex Traylor, Eugene Kelley, H. B. Farris, W. H. Curtis, Alex Holtzclaw, Monroe Curtis, A. F. Moberly, H. F. Newland, C. M. Spoonamore, Patterson Underwood, B. F. Powell and B. F. Hayden. The testimony did not vary materially from that given at the coroner's inquest, with which our readers are familiar. In stating the case for the defendant, Judge Alcorn said that the commonwealth had fully established the fact that he was not in his right mind at the time of the killing.

THE prisoner himself testified substantially as follows: "I was 21 years old last June; have lived in Macksville all my life and at Mr. Dick Warren's ten years. The first I saw of Mr. Baugh the night I killed him was in Anderson Carr's bar room. We went to Macksville and saw John Anderson at the depot. Taylor Lackey was along and Anderson asked us to go and get two women and they would take them to the still-house and keep them all day Sunday. Taylor went and got Birdie Stigall and I got Ellen Jones. When we got back Ellen said: 'I ain't going with that man, he drew a pistol on me to-night.' Baugh said it was G—d—lie and threw his hands behind him. I said 'don't you call me a G—d—lie' and shot him. At the time I shot him I was facing him and believed he was going to shoot me. After I shot him I ran to the depot and told Jake Cook and Babe Hansford what I had done, then went back and met Smith Embury, who asked me to go for the marshal, which I did. I went with Mr. Newland up there and he asked me to help carry the man to the court room and I did so, and he asked me then to stay all night with him, which I did. I had 8 or 9 drinks that night."

Dr. O. H. McRoberts testified that he had performed the operation known as trepanning on Teeters 12 years ago when his skull was mashed by a stick of wood thrown at him. The skull was pressing against the brain and he lifted it off, after taking out several pieces of crushed bones. The operation gave relief and no serious results followed that he knew of. The defense here rested and the court prepared the usual instructions in such cases, which were that if the jury believed the defendant guilty of willful murder they should fix his punishment at confinement in the penitentiary for life, or death, at their discretion; if they think the killing was done in sudden heat and passion, it was voluntary manslaughter, the punishment for which is not less than two nor more than 21 years. If there are reasonable grounds for believing that defendant was in danger of death or great bodily harm at the time of the shooting, or that deceased was attempting to kill another and not in his necessary self defense, the jury should acquit. The defendant must have the benefit of the doubt, if the jury is undecided between murder and manslaughter by finding him guilty of the latter. If after hearing the whole case there is a reasonable doubt of his guilt they must find him not guilty.

AFTER two strong speeches to a side, the case was given to the jury at 2:30 p. m. yesterday, but it had not agreed when this report closed.

JOEL Reynolds was adjudged a feeble-minded person by a jury yesterday. Court will probably adjourn this afternoon, at any rate to-morrow, as Judge Morrow has to hold a special term at Lancaster Monday.

PROF. C. C. CARSON's dancing class will give a hop at Walton's Opera House to-night.

A Lexington dispatch says: Milton J. Durham, ex-controller of the United States treasury under President Cleveland, has been appointed cashier of the new State Bank to be established here.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

2 Horses and 3 Jacks.

I will stand at my stables at McKinney, the season of 1890, two Horses and three Jacks.

REUBEN VERMONT,

By Gill's Vermont, the pedigree of dam unknown.

WATERLOO, JR.,

By Dr. P. W. Logan's Waterloo that has a record of 2:20 and is standard bred. See pedigree of Logan's Waterloo.

Waterloo, Jr.'s 1st dam by Levi Hubble's old Stonewall Jackson.

Reuben is over 16 hands high, dark bay and a fine breeder of good horses for all purposes and will stand at

\$6 to Insure a Mare in Foal.

Waterloo, Jr., is a very dark brown, or black, fine mane and tail, compactly formed, full 16 hands 1 inch high, fine style and action and a fine producer of combined horses; perfectly kind in disposition and a sure foal getter. Will stand at

\$8 to Insure a Mare in Foal.

Also three good young—

JACKS ALL WELL BRED,

Two years old past, at \$6, and 4-year old at \$8. Season due when colts are foaled.

Lien retained on all colts for the season money. Mares kept on reasonable terms, but no liability for accidents.

J. W. GIVENS.

For Sale or Exchange.

I offer my Hotel Property situated at Kingsville, Lincoln county, Ky., at a bargain if sold at once, containing 10 good rooms; all necessary outbuildings, &c. A splendid place to open since whiskey has been voted back in the county; or I will exchange. Address W. L. MCARTY.

107-111 Kingsville, Ky.

Livery Stable.

I have added new buggies, wagons and horses to my livery business, making my stable second to none in this section. First-class turnouts on short notice and feeding by the day, week or month a specialty. O. J. THURMOND, Junction City, Ky.

An Attractive Opportunity For Investment.

THE MT. VINCENT ADDITION

—TO—

PINEVILLE,

KENTUCKY, will on the

15th and 16th of April,

—1890, sell at—

Public Auction Alternate Lots to highest bidder.

One third cash; balance in two equal installments at 6 and 12 months.

Stock in the Company may now be had by applying at once to S. M. Owens, Stanford, or to the General Manager. \$95 only for a share of \$100, and the stock will be taken up by the Company at \$125, for first payment for lots. No personal liability for deferred payments—the Company is content with liens retained.

Until day of public sale a limited number of lots will be sold privately on same terms, at a fixed schedule of prices.

It is believed that, at these prices, this Addition now furnishes a better opportunity for investment than anywhere else in Eastern Ky.

For prices, lots or other information, apply at Stanford or Pineville, Ky., to

J. S. HUGHES,

General Manager Bell Co. Coke and Improvement Co.

SPRING CLOTHING.

Our Goods are Now All In

And We Have

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

**Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Light and Dark
Colors, Sacks and Frocks; also large
line of Pants.**

STAGG & McROBERTS.

DRUGS and JEWELRY

Drugs, Books and Stationery, Paints, Oils and Window Glass, Wall Paper, Fine Cigars and Tobaccos, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

HAMPDEN WATCH, The Best Railroad Watch.

Prompt Attention
given to Engraving and Repairing
of Watches, Clocks
and Jewelry.



Prescriptions Care
fully Compounded
at all hours, day
and night.

B. H. DANKS, Jeweler,
W. L. & N.

J. S. WELLS, Ph. G. Presc. Clk.

W. B. McROBERTS,

Main Street, Opp. Court-House, STANFORD, Ky.

The Great Remedies!

KEET'S SPECIFIC cures all blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples, Ulcerated Throat, White Swelling, Syphilitic diseases in all its stages, Neurosis, &c. Price \$1 per bottle. HAYS' IRON BITTERS is the most pleasant to take of all the Iron tonics. It cures Dyspepsia, it gives a keen appetite, enriches the blood, regulates the liver and imparts new energy to the muscles and nervous system. Price \$1 per bottle. GATLIF'S WORM SYRUP is made of the best worm killers and expellers known to the medical profession and therefore recommends itself. It is pleasant to take, safe and reliable. Price 25 per bottle.

GATLIF'S MAGNETIC PILLS for all Liver Complaints, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, &c. Acts as cathartic. Price 25 cents per box. Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the

WILLIAMSBURG DRUG CO., Williamsburg, Ky.

BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c.
Write for Catalogue and full information.
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